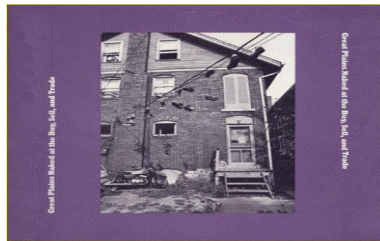


Up in the Bell Tower with a Sniper's Rifle.

Chapter -16-

That January of **1992** saw **Wild Bill**, **Keyvn** and **Lynn** renting the **Kausality House**. It was a half duplex with a full basement for the **Kausalities** to rehearse in. They had a living room which always seemed to be covered with spent beer cans making it hard to walk around. I would often party there. For the most part it was much cleaner than the "**Fort**". One weekend saw **Arlus Stitch** show up. This was when she was beginning to steal from her friends to support her heroin habit. Any one who was close to her knew she had a big heart but the heroin made her do things that damaged her friendships. That evening as every body was getting drunk her and **Wild Bill** decided to have some hot steamy sex. I suppose they went at it really hard; and afterwards while **Will Bill** and the rest of the house was asleep, Arlus ups and steals their VCR player. She sold it for a fix. That didn't go over too well with the others. I would like to think that a person's actions reveal what they are thinking, but after a lifetime of observations I know this to be false. Humans are a mystery. Even to themselves. All you can really do is help them and make sure they don't make their problems yours.



Anyway, at **Used Kids Records** **Dan Dow** had just hired **Jerry Wick** (*Gaunt*) and **BelaKoe-Krompecher** (*Anyway Records*). Like their processors **Mike Rep** and **Ron House**, both would have a major impact on the OSU music scene. With the scene shifting from **Magnolia** to **Use Kids**, **Bela** began releasing a string of records by *Monster Truck 5*, *New Bomb Turks*, *Gaunt*, *Appalachian Death Ride*, *Greenhorn*, and *Pica Huss* just to name a few. In my opinion, this is when the 2nd wave of lo-fi Cowtowners began. The 1st wave seemed focused on the press and gigs. But the 2nd wave focused on making records. **Anyway Records** even began releasing new **V3** songs. Between **Ron**, **Mike** and **Anyway Records**, Columbus had gained recognition in the national music press. It was during this time that **The Fort** used to have outrageous keg parties in the backyard. Sometimes it would go on until 5 am. That is when the die-hards would finally pass out. Almost everyone I knew would come to these parties. Sometimes a band might play in the living room. People would get high and try to hang their old shoes from the telephone lines. I remember about 10 sets of shoes dangling in the breeze with groups of people socializing underneath. Then one day during that spring Jimbo showed up at my moms on 4th ave with a strange record called, "*Propeller*". It was by a band called **Guided by Voices** who **Mike Rep** was producing. I remember thinking, "*Gee, this Robert Pollard dude sure sounded a bit like Arlus Stitch to me at times*". Jimbo was ranting and raving about **Pollard**. He kept going on about **Pollard** being a true genius. Jim never talked that way about

anyone. Like my first impression of **Jimi Hendrix**, it took a few years to finally understand what the fuck Jimbo was going on about. I don't recall Mike Rep or Ron House going on and on about **Pollard**. Maybe they did, but I don't recall it. But I became terribly jealous of **Pollard** and dismissed the record as "*bullshit*" without understanding the new form of pop he had created. The fact was I could never ever write pop as good as Pollard. I had always prided myself on my Nashville pop song training. Pollard crushed that like a fucking grape. And both Jim and I knew it. Talk about dragging your dick in the dirt! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! When the record got raves from the likes of **Thruston Moore** I knew I had missed the boat. I was sinking like a fucking stone. I was forced to ask myself: "*How do you like your crow squid? Honey baked or barbecue?*" It was a butt ugly wake up call for the squidster. Old Jimbo won that musical argument hands down. So I took off my shirt and wiped up the puke from my wounded ego and moved on.

Back in 1986 when **V3** was first started out I took out a loan for a Fender PA Head and Amp so that Jim and Roxanne had something to play through. I thought it was a loan to be "paid back" once their situation stabilized. But they had no intention of honoring that. Thus began a Shepard family tradition of not honoring their words. To be honest I never saw a penny from any of the gigs or the following releases:

(Unbroken Silence, Earth Muffin, Psychic Dance Hall, Russian Roulette Chinese Style, The Super Human, Negotiate Nothing, Vertical Slit and Beyond or the V3/Guant/Belreve/Greenhorn EP.).

Nor did the Shepard family honor the \$400 dollars each that Jim promised me and Rudy for the work we did on the "**Thrill Jockey**" releases. Jim & Roxanne always kept me and Rudy in the dark about our cash flow. On the other hand they had no problem buying themselves leather jackets and such for their kids. I would often complain to my friends about this unethical treatment. In fact, after Jim's hand accident he began to suffer guilt and depression over this behavior. I remember him coming over to Milo and handing me a "*shoebox*" of my **V3** master tapes. I had paid and recorded all of **V3's** studio work from the time Jim, Roxanne and I first started to work together. Maybe it was his way of making restitution? Jim clearly wanted me to be in charge of this period of his music. In fact, in 2010 or thereabouts, **Gabe Shepard** called me to ask for access to my vaults. Gabe "promised" me my share the proceeds and said he would not act like his mom and dad. Wrong!

He said he would be ethical and fair. He said he would show me the books. So I gave him some of the files and never heard a word from him. He went ghost. To this day, I keep hoping he will man-up and make the right choice. When money is lost something is lost. When a woman is lost a great deal is lost. But when integrity is lost, all is lost! Years later, when **Sander Wildebore** asked me for files to do a **Roxanne Newman** solo LP. I gave him the songs that Roxanne and I had co-wrote along with photos. Then I found out that Gabe got wind of the project and forced Sander Wildebore to give Gabe \$1000 for his permission to use songs that I had written with Roxanne and V3. WTF? In an email Wildeboer informed me that Gabe would give me "*my share*". That never happened. And I

doubt that Gabe informed the others who were entitled to their fair share. I should have demanded \$1000 bucks too! Oh yea, the LP never came out!

That spring break from college I headed back to San Francisco. I ended up staying at the YMCA. As I made my way around the city I noticed a change in the people. Gone was the old hippy aesthetic that had ruled since the late 1950s, and in its stead was this computer rage. Everywhere I went in the city people were talking about virtual reality. It seemed like the whole culture had plugged into this fashionable fantasy. When I got back home Jim had released the "*Negotiate Nothing*" project. And it was being well received. He informed Rudy and I that **V3** had a weekend tour of **Philly** and **CBGBs** lined up. All of a sudden the pressure was on. Rudy called it, "*The Panic Tour*". So we began to rehearse. We did a few warm up gigs to test out the new version of the band as a three piece without Roxanne. The difference was night and day. The new V3 was very dark and explosive. Something had psychologically affected Jim's behavior. Maybe it was the loss of his family? Maybe it was the competition? Maybe self worth created his current burning ambition to make it at all costs. All I know is he became increasingly high handed and assertive in his dealings with Rudy and I. What had started as a group of like minded artists had become the Jim Shepard act under the moniker of V3. I can not count the times, during this dark cycle, that Jim took credit for things he didn't do. But on the other hand, I believe under his new leadership, V3 had achieved something noteworthy in modern music.

When the time came in late spring to hit the road Jim had a few tricks up his sleeve. Rudy had rented a van for the weekend. When Rudy and I got on board we were told we had to pick up **Charles Cicirella**. Rudy and I couldn't understand why. He wasn't in the band. But Jim just closed us down. This is the way it was going to be. It is no longer a "democracy", it's a dictatorship. In my view, this was the straw that eventually broke the camel's back between the three of us later on. Since their breakup Jim had lost about 50 pounds and was heavily drinking to help him fall asleep. He also was running through women in hopes of finding a replacement for Roxanne. She had always been sort of a 2nd mother figure to Jim, and her sudden disappearance reminded Jim of his own's mothers disappearance. I don't believe he ever got over his mother's sudden death. So, the four of us hit the road. All my life I had heard about CBGBs. Now I was going to see what it was all about. When we got to **Tom Lax's** place (*Siltbreeze Records*) I was introduced to his roommates **Bob Dickie** (*The Strapping Fieldhands*) and **Malcolm Sutherland**. Everybody called Sutherland "Mac". I found Mac to be a very interesting and sly fellow. We had a few hours before the show so I took a walk in hopes of finding Geno's Steaks. After about an hour in 95 degree heat I gave up. It was very humid that day. When we got to the show I need a shower and had to take a serious pee. So I made my way to the restroom. Then to my surprise I found shower stalls and thought; "Whoopi Squid, you can wash this grimy stinging sweat off". I just didn't realize that the showers were reserved for the resident students of the university. I'm sure if I would have ask they would not have an issue. Afterwards everybody kept looking at me like I had balls of steel. A real rudeboy! Live and in person! If it would have been Arlus Stitch then you can bet your booty it would have been a sausage and beans

session! Or maybe a lick the kitty for god and country event! Arlus didn't play! She was always on skank patrol. Looking back, I should have asked our host. Stupid. But hey, a reptile does what reptiles does. My bad. Sorry folks.

The next night at CBGBs Jimbo informs us that Charles Cicirella was going to do a song. Charles was just as big a poser as Jim. They were competitive. He grabs the mic and boom! Then Jimbo puts a boot in his ass and Charles falls off the edge of CBGB's stage. Somehow Charles hit something with all his wiggling around and there was this huge bump on his head. At the time Charles had moved into this elementary school building that was being converted for **OSU** and **CCAD** art students. I called it **Milo Arts**. Cicirella was putting on poetry readings in the dining room. One of his poetry friends **Marya Deblasi** and her friend had driven all the way to **NYC** just to catch our show. Jimbo had done some readings at Milo too. And when I moved in the fall of 1993 into the studio 110 loft at Milo, I would also perform with Jim at these poetry mics. But that night after the CBGBs show Jimbo was losing control of his ego. His ambition had overwhelmed his integrity. I remember after the V3 show at CBGB's, when I got back to Columbus, that Jim was working to cut a \$3000 advance deal with **Johan Kugelberg**. At that time Johan was working for **Matador Records** I think. Both Rudy and I were blindsided by this. **Eric Davidson** of the **New Bomb Turks** told me he had witnessed the agreement go down at CBGB's. This was long after Jimbo and Roxanne broke up. It wasn't until the end of 1992 that Me, Rudy and Jim would go our own ways for awhile. I was still in college and for about 3 months didn't have any contact with Jim or Rudy. I was meeting a bunch of artists and sort of walked away from all the nasty side of V3. I had contributed 3 personal songs to the "*Neigotate Nothing*" project; *Certain Foods*, *My Neighborhood/Street People*, and *Piranha In The Bathtub*. Of these, the song I am most proud of is *Certain Foods*. It deals with the soil to table food chain and the massive increase of "*disease for profits*" programs employed by the Pharmaceutical, Chemical, Agriculture and Health industries. Anyway, there may have been more songs for the "*Neigotate Nothing*" project but I didn't have access to the master tapes. After I got fed-up with Jimbo's unfair approach I just walked away from V3. By that time Rudy had also washed his hands of Jim too.

Just before my summer job I read in the newspaper that local musician **Ronald Koal** had blown his brains out on May 6th. I'm not sure if it was because he had not achieved the national recognition he craved as a rock star. He had all the right elements to make it big except for moving to L.A. or NYC. It was a bad omen that would come back to haunt me over and over again in the years to come. The cycle would repeat itself with Arlus, Kevyn, Jimbo, Jerry Wick and Greg Casey. Death would become my oldest best friend. Death is the last comfort a human will ever know. By the fall quarter of **1993** I had settled into **Milo Arts** and set up shop in **Studio 110**. That spring quarter of 1993 I had transferred to OSU and was doing my work-study program under **Charles Massy** at the *Department of Fine Arts* in *Hayes Hall*. He was probably the best boss I ever had. I smoked a lot of pot on the job. Mostly in the stone lithography and glass blowing classrooms. The only time I saw my boss was when he gave me my checks. I used to lock myself in the darkroom and mess around with the equipment. It was a lot of fun!

That summer of 1993 saw me taking an assignment for *The Ohio Department of Developmental Disabilities*. I needed a summer job and thought this would be a cool gig. I had no idea I was about to walk into a shit storm! After two weeks of red cross, physiological and psychological training I was assigned to two group homes for the Saturday and Sunday shifts. The first thing I noticed was how stressed out the staff was. They were not happy people and getting the weekends off was a huge deal to them. They were all overworked and underpaid. Most of the clients were in wheelchairs and I thought how much trouble can they get into? Man, was I in for a rude awakening! There were 7 females in this group home near Neil and 5th Ave. One female had Tourette Syndrome which involves uncontrollable repetitive movements or unwanted sounds (tics), such as repeatedly blinking the eyes, shrugging shoulders, or blurting out offensive words and so on. Also, my boss told me that I should expect compulsive behavior, impulsivity, hyperactivity, nonsense repetition, swearing, lack of restraint, inconstance, muscle spasms, anxiety, apprehension, coughing, eyelid twitching, frequent throat clearing, learning disabilities, and stuttering.

The female in question had picked out her left eyeball and was diligently working on her right eye. As a behavior modification technique she was to receive a cup of coco every hour on the hour if she restrained from picking out her right eyeball! WTF? I'm doomed! So there I was with these females; and some kept trying to get me to have sex by plotting ambushes. One or two were very well behaved but another was running around naked in her wheelchair, pissing and shitting knowing I would have to clean and change them. If a nurse was around I could avoid cleaning them. The nurse cracked the whip when they got too rowdy. But mostly that didn't happen much. All 7 wanted my complete attention 24/7. They were starving for friendship. This caused many dust ups between the 7 females. They would burst out in tears and I would have to try and sort it out.

But the Tourette Syndrome female was the worst! She would pull the fire alarms and the fire department would show up if she didn't get her coca on time. That happened at least 3 or 4 times on the weekends. I had to use a lot of disinfectants and rags to clean up the messes. We tried hard to keep their bedroom disinfected but there were times when the stink would overpower your smell. If that happened our cleaning crew went industrial. I was given a card that would unlock the doors for 3 or 4 seconds so as to enter or leave a room. Also, there was another older women who kept begging me to "wash her breasts" in hopes of arousing me into having sex. WTF? They were deviously clever in laying their traps for old squidly! There were cameras everywhere and I had been totally briefed on state law concerning sex with the clients. That was a huge No No! There were a few State of Ohio cases where male staff served time for impregnating some of these women with disabilities. I tried hard to avoid giving them a bath but if you have 3 or 4 in need of hygiene everybody who was working had to pitch in. I know it is hard to wrap your head around that but this was the summer job I had to deal with. The only effective way to make them stop soliciting me for sex was to lock them in their room or deny them rewards till they agreed to stop the bad behaviours. The cleaning crew got the worst of it. Some of the doctors got bit a lot. I felt so sorry for them and the nurses. They had to deal with all the soiled laundry and wheelchairs. If the behavior got too

bad then the doctors would step in and up the meds. The staff loved that! Zombies were much easier to deal with. I don't know if it was ethical but it wasn't my call! But after midnight things would settle down and there was peace. From June, July and August of 1993 I struggled to complete my commitment. When the fall quarter at OSU started back up I was the happiest motherfucker on the planet. Fuckin-A-Bubba!

When I first moved into Milo, before the big dust up between Jimbo, Charles and me I began to record again. Charles had introduced me to **Ken Yerin** who was playing with this guy from Jamaica named **Pappratt**. Also, Charles & I recorded the songs; "*Pleasure Factor, Obligated Me, Impasse, Chosen, Collage, What Do You Do* and *Anguish*". He had asked me to set these poems to music. Another poem, "**October Moon** " was a group poetry effort by **Me, Charles, Harold Wright, Nancey Bailey, Danny Hunsinger**, and our **CBGB friend Marya Deblasi**. These were some of my first milo arts sessions after leaving V3. Before this, every now and then Jim would pop in and ask Rudy and me to do a few V3 shows on campus. On the last show I wasted an opportunity to hook up with Lynn Cart. Her and Keyvn Kausality had broken up over Keyvn selling her record collection without her knowledge. She had moved out of the **Kausality House** and into another apartment on campus. That night she invited me to stop by her new apartment. Rudy and his x-wife Loretta urged me to spend the night with Lynn but I was afraid I'd get her pregnant. In my heart I knew that if I went there I might end up in trouble. In my heart I had no doubts about that. Me and Kevin had both been courting her but I still had child support obligations back then. It wouldn't have been fair to Lynn. She needed to start a family with Keyvn. I could even support the kids I had. But boy did I want to! So, I let Kevin Cart win. A month later Keyvn was free and clear of me. I've always regretted that choice. Keyvn and Lynn got married a few months later and I was shut out totally in the cold. But it was the right choice for her sake. I had nothing to offer. I even pushed Kevin emotionally to go for her. He did and they started a family. The rest is history.

For V3 the handwriting was on the wall. Jim, Rudy and I split up after that last gig at the **Distillery**. Jim was out of control. And for about 3 months we didn't speak. But Charles and I had not seen the last of Mr. Jim Shepard. For my part I hung out at **Dicks Den** drinking on Friday nights with Arlus Stitch, Greg Casey, Hippy Dave and others. After a hard week of classes I looked forward to blowing off some steam there. One of the musicians who liked to drink with us confessed his love for me and wanted me to be his butt-buddy! I wasn't flattered. Fuck that! Sorry, I'll have no willies up my bum- you horny toad! I had never been hit on by a guy. WTF? If he would have tried to kiss me I'd knock his teeth out! It was crazy. He kept trying and trying, but after a while finally got my message and moved on.

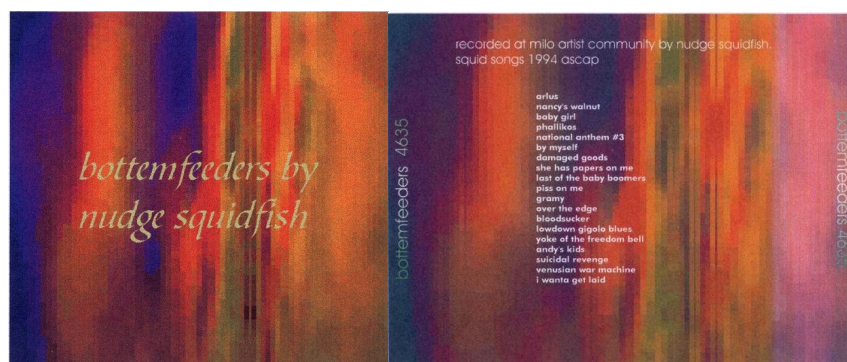
In 1983 **Richard W. Mann** and **Russell B. Sinder** had purchased the *Milo-Grogan elementary school building*. By the time I had arrived in the fall quarter of 1993 the Milo Arts community hosted a myriad of artists from all the disciplines. **Michael Herring** had just established *The Red Herring Theater Company* in loft 203 and the actor **Rich Stadler** was living next door in studio 109 working on plays. Also, **Charles Cicirella** was in studio 201. He did poetry

readings in the lounge and kitchen area for local poets to showcase their works. I remember **Bill Cohen** the former *Ohio Public Radio Statehouse News Bureau reporter* performing there. Also, there was **James Morton** the painter who was teaching at OSU. He also had a loft. Almost all the arts were represented. Actually, it felt a little bit like the departments of Art at OSU and CCAD. The atmosphere had this creative energy that attracted the bohemian artists to the building. When I first moved in it was in the fall quarter at OSU. I was majoring in Philosophy. During the thanksgiving break I made the rounds and introduced myself to **Aaron Schroeder** who was living in the gymnasium. Aaron makes all kinds of stuff out of all kinds of materials. He has done installations for governments and wealthy clients all around the world. Finally there was **Patrick Durkin** (loft 104) the carpet artist who also serviced governments and wealthy clients. He used carpets like a painter uses oil and canvas. All of these people were somehow able to edge out a living off their art. No small feat in the early 1990s.

Shortly after I had moved into milo I ran into Carolyn while attending classes at OSU. I am not sure if she was still dating that guy who burned down her apartment building but I headed the other way. Her family were heavy donors and pulled a lot of weight OSU. The next thing I knew was that my school records were being deleted. I had to take time to provide the paperwork that I was compliant with the enrollment rules. Back in the day Gale King had my child support records deleted and I was an old hand at dealing with that trick. He taught me to keep good records or I'd get screwed. At this point my mother was not doing good and I had to make assisted living arrangements for her. It was hard getting around town on my bike especially when it began to snow. But I was able to overcome all these extra burdens. I got my mother the help she needed but the writing was on the wall concerning acquiring a bachelor degree. Later on I was given a waiver by OSU for a language disorder and would be allowed to substitute sign language for the spanish requirement.

That Xmas of **1993** saw my mom's house burn down and I had to drop-out of OSU to find a job. Richard Mann was in need of a 20 hour a week janitor for **Milo** and offered me free rent in exchange. So until the fall of 1995 I worked the temp services when I could and did the janitorial gig at Milo. By that time Jim and I were no longer speaking. For me it, I was pissed off over another bad V3 business deal. For Cicirella it was his woman. Jim and Cicirella had a fist fight over **Stacy McCloud** during a poetry reading at the milo coffee house. Charles had hooked up with this foxy 19 year old and Jim wanted her. When Charles finally figured out Jim was his backdoor man it was too late. Suddenly Stacy left Charles and moved in with Jim on the east side of columbus. Charles got over it but it took a while for everybody to work through these problems. Early on in 1993 Jim had left **Creature** and now things seemed to be going well for him and Stacy out on the eastside. Then Jim got his hand caught in a woodshop accident. It took many painful operations to get back the use of his right hand. But by **Xmas of 1993** Charles, Jimbo and myself still had not worked through our issues. It was during Jim's recovery that he met **Leland Cain** and formed **Lacquer**. Also, around this time Mike Rep released his "*Stupor Hiatus Vol -2-*" LP. and "*Songs from Old 3C*" tape. That album had two songs written by **Tommy**

Jay, Mike Rep and **Nudge Squidfish**: “*This Island Earth*” and “*Heavy Metal Has Destroyed My Mind*”. As for the 3C tape I co-wrote; “*Consolation Prize, Goina’ Samoin* and *Moving To Harrisburg*”. I’ve always said a producer has to facilitate and not hinder what the artist seeks to achieve. Moreover, as a writer/musician/engineer/producer/artist I’ve always tried to stick with what I know or the things I’ve mastered from my experiments. One of the things I like about **Mike Rep** is that he has a great set of ears. No doubt gained from all those long grinding years spent in retail record sales. He knows what he likes and how to exploit that. He also knows what the public likes and how to please them. He might not like the music but he knows how to sell records. I think a lot of his harshest critics fail to see that. But I’m sure history will take note of **Mike Rep** and **Tommy Jay**.



That January of 1994 saw my withdrawal from college. Suddenly my mother’s apartment burned down and I washed out of Latin class at OSU. I could only walk away with 3 years of college under my belt. It was a terrible blow to my ego. I failed. It was crippling. I had to abandon my dreams of a degree just like my dreams of making the big time with V3 or Nashville. It wasn’t going to happen for me! So I returned to my studio and nursed my wound. Recording helped me stay balanced and focused. I had no idea which direction to go. I only knew my next project would be called “**bottomfeeders**”. That’s what I was at the time. At that point the society I lived in expected me to become a wage slave so that the wealthy could show off their conspicuous consumption. (See **Thorstien Veblen’s** “*The Theory of the Leisure Class*”). So I came up with the notion of job suffering. I would try to do temporary work; 8 hours here, 8 hours there. I could survive on a little bit. I could float. If Cicirella could do it I could too. Monkey see; Monkey do! Maybe if I was lucky I would stumble into probation for another government job. But I wasn’t holding my breath. To self manage, I began to study **Andy Warhole** and his **Factory** history. I would go to the main library downtown and get free movies and books. It wasn’t that far on my bike. I just wanted to perfect my art. I didn’t think I’d ever play with a live band again. So this was the next best thing. Maybe the studio could open up some new landscapes. But the universe has a funny way of pushing you in the direction it wants you to go. Like Tommy Jay once said. “*It’s all designed in the Stars*”.

When I heard about Jim’s hand accident **Tommy Jay** and I went to visit him in the hospital. **Mike Rep** told us he was in bad shape. “*Jim might not ever play again*”. When we got to Jim’s room they had grafted his left hand into his gut. It

was a discussing sight. Jim was in a lot of pain. As we left the hospital I looked at Tom and sang "*I'm a little teapot short and stout. Here is my handle, here is my spout*". Of course, anybody who really knows Jim Shepard knows his sense of black humor! Rep, Jay, Jimbo and myself all share that trait. But Jim was determined to get back on stage. That's all he ever really wanted out of life. Creation and performance was the blood that flowed through Jim Shepard's veins. Everything else, except his family, was a means to that end.

As he was recovering Jim began to cast about for a drummer. He had patched things up with Charles, Rudy and I; and Leland had firmly replaced me in the V3 lineup. Now all Jim needed was a drummer. The first drummer Jimbo hired was **Bill Rand** from the *New Bomb Turks*. Later on this dude from Texas read a story about V3 and moved to Ohio to join Jim but it didn't last and he moved back to Texas. After Jim and I reconciled I turned him on to my studio work with **Papparat, Ken Yerin, Sam Brown, Greg Mills, Charles Cicirella, Christopher Campanile, Rich Stadler** and **William Furlong** just to name a few. Furlong and Campanile were both **CCAD** Art students and Charles brought them into Studio 110 to record some of their stuff. At that point I was advising Jim and recommended **Sam Brown** as a drummer. I chose Sam Brown because he was more rock. So the new lineup for V3 was Jim, Sam and Leland. This was the band that went on the "*Photograph Burns*" national tour with **G.B.V.** and **Spoon** in 1996. They began to do some gigs around campus to test out the new band configuration.

Actually, one time **Leland Cain** had a cello gig with the Cincinnati orchestra and was performing that night so Jim asked me to substitute at the last minute. It was a no brainer because I had written half of the music years before. Jim showed up at my studio and we ran through about 14 songs and headed out to the show. Jim enjoyed working with me again. We laughed a lot! Sam was a little worried because he didn't know if I had my shit together. But I knew all the parts and changes inside out. I fit in seamlessly. That was my last show with V3. It was a hoot and I think there is a board recording of it. But Jim and I still did our synth gigs every once in a while around town. We worked very closely in my studio up until his death in 1998. All in all 1993 was a major transition in my life. The future was calling out to me; "*you got to make up your mind Jim. You gotta make up your mind!*" The next few years found me rubbing elbows with the OSU and CCAD fine arts people. They really knew their craft. All I had to do was sit back and soak it all in. I was getting a free Fine Arts education and it opened a lot of doors for me. Living and working in an environment like that had a very positive impact on my art.



Milo Arts Years. 1993-1996

nudge squidfish

Nudge Squidfish

The Milo Arts Years

- 1.) october moon squid, harold wright, danny hunsinger, nancy bally, maya debias & charles cicrella 1994
- 2.) V-3 of C&G's 1994
- 3.) crime of passion 1994
- 4.) dirty car (1st vers) 1995
- 5.) gray barriers 1995
- 6.) nasty habits (2nd vers) 1995
- 7.) evil is a weasel 1995
- 8.) in & out 1993 (with tommy jay on drums)
- 9.) it all turns red 1994 (with rich stoller on vocals)
- 10.) chinese girls 1994 donovan
- 11.) passing away 1994
- 12.) party at 15th & summit 1994
- 13.) boring tomato 1994
- 14.) man rays enzo daughter 1995 shepard/squidfish
- 15.) hard living 1994
- 16.) what's your name?? 1994
- 17.) faces 1996
- 18.) guck library 1994
- 19.) hey mr. a & i man! 1995
- 20.) the job 1994
- 21.) somebody else 1996

all songs by nudge squidfish except tracks 1, 10, & 14.
ns records is a non-profit recording company. ASCAP 2000

The Milo Arts Years

Nudge Squidfish

Milo Arts was a converted grade school in Columbus Ohio on East 3rd. Avenue run by Rick Mann for local artists. Milo catered to our 'special needs' by provide working studio spaces for actors, painters, poets, and musicians. While in my junior year at OSU in the fall of 1993 I took up residence. It was during this period the poet Charles Cicrella began to introduce me to many other talented Milo Arts artists. As a result of these experiences I wrote most of the 'songs' in my 4-track studio loft(number 110). Milo had a very creative effect which I think comes out on this cd? I'm sure I will carry the education I received there inside of my muse for the rest of my life.
nudge squidfish 2000

